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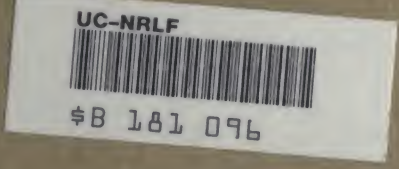

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"THE TIME IS COME!"

OR

THOUGHTS

UPON

THE PRESENT POSITION

OF

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY CHARLES YOUNG.

"Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But, by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go; if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go, and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long."—POPE.

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DEDICATION.

TO WILLIAM THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND.

Sire,

May it please your Majesty,

I have presumed to dedicate this production to your Majesty, not from the view that it will at all enhance its circulation, but from *purer* motives; that your Majesty may know from the pen of a hater of *flattery*, the true sense the People of the United Kingdoms entertain in reference to the "*House of Lords*."

Trusting that your Majesty may live to enjoy a long and happy Reign.

I subscribe myself,

Your most Dutiful and Loyal Subject,

CHARLES YOUNG.

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THOUGHTS, &c.

THE time is at length arrived when all sense of dormancy must be thrown aside, and the spirit of alacrity not only assumed, but maintained in earnest. The writings of Tompkins,* as well as of Roebuck, have already produced an effect upon the public mind, which can never again be lulled, or quieted to sleep. The cradle may be rocked by the hand of Monarchy, but *that* even is no guarantee of slumber or repose. The restless and perturbed soul of society is stalking o'er the confines of the earth, and no human power can ever lure it from its course. The tendency of the writings alluded to above, is manifest to the dullest capacity—they have laid bare the fact, that any further *worship* or *adoration* at the shrine of the Peers, *is a humbug of the first water*. The disguising of private or public sentiment at any time is so far dastardly, that I can find no language

* The Reader of course is aware of the Author's *real* name.

capable of expressing my abhorrence of so cowardly a course.

Upon this all engrossing theme, "THE LORDS," I dare take up my pen; and it would be folly to hide the workings of the head, or the feelings of the heart, when now that every page of the public press is unhesitatingly canvassing their virtues (?) and their vices. That the position of the Lords at this moment is one of critical danger cannot be denied. If danger then is proved to be so manifest, it is for them to put their house in order without delay, *for an event awaits them which no earthly interposition can arrest.* Their existence is drawing rapidly to a close, and their last struggle will soon be passed away. The throes and agonies of death of this monstrous blotch upon the fair face of national independence will, alas! receive no alleviation at the hand of an insulted people. The scroll and bond of the Charter of Runnemede is cancelled, so long as this pestiferous curse keeps its present shape; and the liberties and rights of the community are negatived till (as a *political* body) they are totally annihilated.

If content and innate satisfaction be found in the breast of the Lord, by the mere sound and emptiness imparted by a TITLE, let him, in God's name, enjoy it to full perfection. A Lord! Fri-

volous and trumpery appellation! Well may the poet observe, "What's in a name?" In good sooth I would rather be termed an ass, and be an honest man, than be doomed to wear the coronet of a legitimate buffoon!

What is the House of Lords?—the simplest of the simple could at once furnish an answer.—

A congregation of (I was going to say *human*) flesh and blood—as amenable for offences against the laws of common sense, as the veriest beggar in the land. Where in the name of all that's just exists the vast distinction between us of the people, and yourselves of the Lords? We were made by the same hand—endowed of intellect by the same hand—life's uncertain tenure held by the same hand—the general way of death open and common to us all. Then wherefore this distinction? If property and wealth lays claim to pre-eminence—then is the Duke of Newcastle safely booked for Heaven!

The humbug of this theory of *theirs* is now too well known to be entertained for a single moment—it has, in fact, long since been *exploded*, but necessity only till now has called forth its admission. THE TIME IS COME! Then for your own sakes, look to yourselves—you have certainly something to lose—as respects pounds, shillings, and pence—

but not as to *character*—for Heaven knows, there is not a body in the whole community resting under a heavier imputation than *yours*.

Ever determined in being foremost in all acts of tyranny and misrule, the finger of the Country from one end to the other now points to the wall, and shews you "THE TIME IS COME!"

Look to facts—How was the Emancipation Bill passed? was it in courtesy to the people, because it was simply *asked* for? No—you were driven to make a *virtue* of *necessity*. To follow your deeds of rule and *mis*-rule, would occupy more time than the space of these few pages can well afford; but to recent instances of your self-annihilating acts, look to the vileness of your conduct in respect to the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill—nay, even later than this—look to the rejection of the Roman Catholic Marriages Bill!—A Bill which, *morally* speaking, was *more* than wanted—and yet *so heavy a majority against it*. The Commons and the Country demanded this to pass your *honourable* house, and yet you *dare* refuse it!—and refused too with a vengeance by a majority of *twenty-six*. Does not this demonstrate beyond all disputation, that the poor brute who so conspicuously shone on this occasion, and moved the *virtuous* amendment, is totally unworthy a

legislative seat, even in a Hottentot Assembly?

Exceptions to this rule of general censure of this *all-perfect* body, no doubt can be adduced—but after this decision, does it not, in truth, toll its own death knell?

The minority upon this question will live comparatively speaking, for *ever*, whilst the reptile set *called* a MAJORITY (numerically I admit it, but not *morally*) will be recognized upon the page of history, written in characters, which can never in future be misunderstood.—Pause then for a while—and remember,---THE TIME IS COME! I warn you against the commission of acts like these, which only tend to place you in hostile array against *power supreme*, or in other words---*power of the people*.—Do not, I beseech you, forget, that you are but *mortals*---and possessed of no more controul over *destiny* or *fate*, than the most abject beggar upon the face of the land. The resources you once could boast of, are no longer commanded with a nod---and your reliance upon those resources (once your main stay and hope) is now *weak* and *insignificant*. What *absolute* resources have you then? Is it in the Army? Is it in the Navy? You may rest assured that not a shot would be fired by a British soldier against his fellow-being; nor would an

Irish bayonet be drawn against a brother.—The bloody character which marked the rebellion in Ireland, when the patriot,---the more than patriot Emmett fell like the autumn leaf---long—long before its time—is now gone by—but a nation's revenge is not smothered in a moment---the hour of retribution is at hand---or in the emphatic language of the title of these reflections---THE TIME IS COME!

Look to it then---and rest assured---this is no idle prophecy—nor warning voice couched in language of *intimidation* or *threat*---but the remonstrance of a *friend---a lover of his country*---one who would fain live to see these United Kingdoms governed by a Monarch, and a Commons, LEAVING THE LORDS OUT OF THE QUESTION ALTOGETHER. They are welcome to the full enjoyment of all their empty TITLES---but *further* than this, they should have no concession granted them at the hands of the people. It is palpable even to the LORDS THEMSELVES, that it is high time they were put down---for it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that for these last FORTY years, they have been but as a stumbling-block betwixt the THRONE, the COMMONS, and the PEOPLE. The Commons, it is plain enough, are sent *by* the people to *represent* the people---but

who are the LORDS sent by? "There's the rub"—this is indeed a question of vast solidity, and of great national importance. If they could answer it at all satisfactorily, they would stand in a very different position in point of public estimation, than they now have the *happiness* to enjoy. Their own atrociousness have wrought out this dilemma, and themselves only have they to thank for the results. The *lying* HUME, and his truth-loving coadjutor* speaks *volumes* against this unfortunate band of incurables even in *their* days—what then must it be NOW? The question staggers me.

And yet these *worthies* dare boast of LEGITIMACY! In God's name, where did they spring from? As a sample—a *precious* sample—what is the origin of the Earl of Winchelsea's family? This *one* question will answer for all the other *tribe* of *titles*.

If the advancement of general knowledge has tended to establish the fact that the House of Lords is *useless* and *unnecessary*, then in the name of common sense, leave it not for posterity to achieve, but abate the nuisance AT ONCE. The point where they have chiefly grounded their superiority is on the score of PROPERTY—but it is too late in the day for any man to pay ano-

* Smollett.

ther superior respect on the score of pecuniary possession, and the true civilian knows that no greater extent of courtesy is due to the Lord than to the peasant. The *bowing* and *scraping* times are long gone by—and the position of society is altogether *different* from that which existed in the reign of the last George—the *lick-spittles* are *defunct*---and it now remains but to hold up *one character in particular* * * * * in addition to a few other *livery*-men, and *court flies*, to public detestation, and the mask which at one time was considered impenetrable, will be dashed aside, and their characters anatomized by the searching scalpel of public opinion.---The Peerage in point of fact, as the Editor of the Corn-Law Rhymes* justly observed, is, after all, but a SPLENDID LIST OF PAUPERS! I cannot but conceive that had Brougham more deeply considered this, prior to his elevation to the House of Lords, he would never have bartered the endearing name of HARRY BROUGHAM, for that of *Lord Brougham and Vaux!* What jot is he the better for advancement? What better for TITLE? I confess I knew and admired him as a *commoner*, and ever spoke as to his talent and acquirements with the heartiest enthusiasm—but for the soul of

* Ebenezer Elliott.

me I cannot reconcile myself to him now, merely because he is a LORD—and yet I admit this is too bad—for why should a man be regarded the less merely because he is a PEER? but it *is* so—and nothing can disturb this conviction—I nevertheless regret it, as in good sooth it seems unfair, nay even dishonourable, to withhold the tribute of admiration really due to a fellow-creature, merely because he had experienced the ill luck of being created a LORD! Brougham—alas! is there no possibility of *backing out?* I would stake an empire that you would make any earthly sacrifice to effect your escape from this *Westminster* bazaar of legitimate *ignorance*, *superstition*, *and buffoonery*, and once again resume your seat among the representatives of the people. There is a difference indeed, as to the relative honour of these respective positions, and to a mind like HIS, (sensitive—acute—and charged with ablest workings) it must be felt with more than common shame! But why should I follow him farther? The striding pace which transported him from the Commons to the Lords "damns" him at once

"to everlasting fame."

Then let him rest.—Now to the body *immaculate* again.—

That the people may in future never be at a loss to know the *title* and *origin* of this *far-famed* body —It would be as well to tell them at once, that as to *title* they have *none*, and as to ORIGIN, they are but UPON A LEVEL WITH THEMSELVES.—If that unfortunate THING of Park-Lane should chance to cast his eye upon this, he (I should have said *it*) will wonder at himself.—His *sense*-itiveness will doubtless try the proof and strength of the seams of STULTZ'S most exquisite fit—but alas! poor devil! why should he be saddled with all the odium ? unfortunately the cause of TITLE is extant beyond this idiotic being—yet

"He as loving his own pride and purposes"

through *ignorance* preaches the infallibility of his ORDER! Gracious powers, why halts the avenging bolt—the fiery shaft—to put out these, God knows who created meteors! The constitution of society should be founded upon moral virtue alone and distinction dealt only in accordance to our deserts.---What in the name of all that's SACRED ---has *worth* to do with *riches?* SIR RUFFIAN LORD of the Upper House, has no more *exclusive* privilege to character, than has the poorest artisan or peasant of the realm.

The victim of St. Helena exclaimed "*J'ai tou-*

jours marché avec l' opinion, de grandes masses et les évènemens," This expression strikes home to my most inmost soul--and the force of its truth will be remembered so long as LOWE Hudson's name is associated with that of his persecuted charge.---The Aristocracy has much to thank this *creature* for on the score of exposition; and but for his *leniency* Napoleon would have terminated his career in peaceful quiet and repose---but the *un-English* treatment of Sir Hudson, drove him oftentimes to dwell in detestation upon the misdeeds of the *higher* classes of European society, and thus rendered them the figure for the

> " Hand of scorn to point, its slow unmoving finger at."

In fact, the measures and decisions of this inexorable band only tend to shew that the greatest *men* have proved themselves in many instances the greatest *fools*.---Pitt is

> " In his grave !
> After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

But the tomb cannot hold secret the impressive truth, that the line of politics which this infatuated being so determinedly pursued engendered an implacable hatred in society, of the *order*, which nor time, nor circumstances can ever wipe away.

This man to whom a monument was raised, and a tablet of lies written to his memory, was the most prominent actor in his time in substantiating the fact, that society is not cemented by *distinction*. I find upon reflection that I am running fast of space, therefore needs must close. I cannot, however, do so in justice to the mighty cause in which I am embarked, without again pointing to the title "THE TIME IS COME! Let no man deceive himself as to this. The immutability of truth proclaims the (almost) sacred fact, that vice nor folly can have an everlasting day---and that political misrule must, in the course of things, meet its reward.---That reward is now being paid.---For too great a reliance in the faith and honour of our UPPER Senators, England is reaping the dreadful harvest. Merciful Heavens, where will it end? I could with Chatham say, "Oh, save my country," but 'tis hopeless, for

> "In blood we are steep'd in so far
> That to return were as tedious as go o'er."

A remedy, therefore, is all that is necessary to seek, and that remedy must be in the TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A BODY POLITIC. The country has experienced too much oppression at their hands already, to induce them to desire their existence being procrastinated, and the balance due from them to England's injured race, applies with avidity the fearless declaration.

> "Oh 'tis a glorious sight to see revenge,
> Spring like a Lion from his den,
> And tear these hunters of mankind."

E. M. CHARLES, PRINTER, WAINGATE, SHEFFIELD.

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